Shall make the squahine that through life's dark

May gid the pathway with its rollin dyes.
And when I walk far off heath allow class.
My heart shall study a plaidened by its tays.
For the bot time I hoot around. I hear No sound save patiening by 'gainst the pane. All how my heart grows chilled with sudden

Lost this last hope that I have held be vain-Lest I should never see your fair face, dear, Or class occe more your hand in more again.

But not I hear your footstep at the door Love, you can meet me thus with smiling face While I - I do but long for breathing space To give these cold, stiff lips the power once more To greet you calmly, as they could before

I knew the truth. And yet, would I retrace The path that I have tred, and leave this place With the heart quiet and free that once I hors?
I cannot tell. Thoughts wander through my

Like dreams that come and go beyond our will, You speak; I know; I answer back again; But naught of all seems real to use, until We come to say good-by. Then bitter pain Gives me sure posof I am not dreaming still -Chambers' Journal.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

On a certain dark night in October, two gentlemen might have been seen standing under a gaslight, at the junction of two business streets, engaged in close conversation. They spoke in low, cautious tones, and their faces, beneath the flickering light, were grave unto solemnity.

In the tall, siim young man, who leaned against the lamp post in such a tragical attitude, and who seemed to be doing all the talking, almost any one might have recognized the eashier of the First National bank, Mr. Cleveland B. Street, while the broad shouldered, ple cant faced gentleman, standing with folded arms and head bent forward to listen, was equally well known as Mr. George Lamoreaux, real estate agent and chosen friend of Mr. Street.

Past them in gay procession filed the people returning from the theatre over the way; and more than one turned to comment curiously upon the untimely conference. But the two men beeded them not; and the pleasare seelers, as they passed on to their homes, and straightway forgot all about the occurrence, little dranged of the dark secret that was being untilded beneath the guslight

For it was a dark secret. No wonder Mr. Street's voice grew deep and impressive as he

proceeded to lay it before his triend. "Six years ago," began Mr. Street, "I was teller in the Kerrin Savings bank. One night it was broken into and robbed of \$15,000. I slept in the bank at the time, and, of course, I tried to defend the property. I had an encounter with a burglar, but he was stronger than I, and I might have fared badly if the police hadn't come to my rescue. The robber heard them and made his escape, and he has never been heard of since." Here Mr. Street paused for breath.

Well? said the other, looking mystified. "But," continued the cashier, "in the struggle I got a good sight of the man's face, and I've always declared I should know that face if I ever saw it again." 'Well," from his friend, still more mysti-

"Two months ago I saw that face; I met that man and talked with him. I meet him

every day. At length Mr. Lamoreaux was interested. "And you know him, too," pursued Mr.

Street. Yes, you; everybody knows him; he"-

impatiently, "weat's the men's name?" "He is known here as Walter Hammond." Not the new partner in the spring works."

"The same." Mr. Lamoreaux uttered a low whistle. "Well, that beats me!" be ejaculated. "The

high toned Mr. Hammond, that everybody's running after! Why, Street, you must be "Mistaken! I know that face as if I had

seen it but vesterday. Why, man alive, if you had lain on your back and looked up into that face bearing over you, knowing that it might be the last face you would ever look upon in this world-if you had seen it under the circumstances I did I think you would remember that face!" There was a painful silence, broken by Mr.

Lamorenux. 'Weil," he said, "what are you going to do

about it? "Goodness knows, 1 don't." returned Mr. Street, helplessly. "What would you do?"

Mr. Lamoreaux gazed reflectively out into the darkness. "I'll tell you, Street, he said, slowly, "I

wouldn't do anything. I'd keep an eye on the man and say nothing. You see, he's so prominent here, 't would make a terrible sensation. And if you have no evidence but your memory you couldn't prove anything,

Yes, and his accomplices might assa-si nate me, or something, too."

That's so," promptly assented bis friend. "It's clearly your duty to keep still."

At that instant a light flash of across the street. A man emerged from a loorway op- upon him. Mr. Street, disregarding Miss posite, stopped a moment to light a cigar, Wilson's warning look, opened upon Mr. then walked rapidly down the street. was a little above medium height and slender. A heavy black mustache and square cut chin were all that was visible beneath the soft cap he wore well down over his eyes. He carried his head slightly forward and walked rapidly, with a light, noiseless step.

simultaneously:

'Hammond!' There is something queer about him," ob-

served Mr. Lamoreaux. "It's the shadow of a crime," said Mr.

Street, solemaly, The town clock struck 11. And the two friends, by common consent, abandoned the lamp post and turned their faces nomeward.

Mr. Cleveland B. Street was conceded by every one to be a most estimable young man. The president of the bank spoke highly of him on all oseasions, and occasionally increased his salary. The old ladies approved of him, and the young laties said to was ingelse for a man to do. If he hada't nerve "nice." He was a member of the Shooting Stars Dramatic club, the East End Dancing club and Musical union. He sang tenor in the Presbyterian church. He led the uneventful life of the average business man, and was reasonably

contented and happy.

There was, beside all this, another circumstarce which conspired to make Mr. Street, in anticipation, a most enviable man. Miss Alice Wilson was a handsome, vivacious brunette, who, by her thousand winning ways, had completely ensuared the heart of the young cashier. Of late she had been perceptibly more encouraging, and he felt serenely confident that when he urged his suit

she would not say him nay. Some such thoughts as these were flitting through Mr. Street's mind, as he stood behind the bank counter, a few days after the disclosure beneath the gas And now, as his thoughts reverted to Mr. Hammond, he could not suppress a

such a morney of hidden crane. His iii at 11:15. It was now 10:30. gotton gains might bring him influence, but they never could parchase him happiness,

to lamself that he was sorry for the fellow. quickened sight at once recognized, in the occupant of the carriage, Miss Aire Wilson, But who was it sitting beside her and smiling down upon her with such confident gallan try! The cushier's eyes followed them far up the street, but that first look had been enough—it was Walter Hammond!

"It's queer, pon't it?" said the teller at his elbow, "how that Hammond got right into society here. He shot right up like a rocket, and nobody knows anything about him. either, before he came here. Well, money 'Il take a body anywhere nowadays."

But the cashier was not listening. He banged the book together and went home to his tea, locking the door with such a forbidding face that a man who met him said he shouldn't wonder if the First National had sustained a loss; he met C. B. Street coming away from there with a face as long as your

That was only the beginning. Mr. Hammond began to attend Miss Wilson like a shadow. He escorted her to parties, the theatre and church. Be he ever so assiduous, Mr. Street nearly always found his attentions to the young lady anticipated by Mr. Hammond, There was no pleasure in calling there any more. Mr. Hammond was sure to be there. Did he aspire to take her to a place of amusement he only had the mortification of hearing that she was "so sorry," but had "just accepted an invitation." And he would see her there with Mr. Hammond.

Meanwhile the cashier's face grew graver and still more grave. The worried lines in his forehead settled into an habitual frown. That one little cloud which had sailed so unexpectedly across his sky had grown till it threatened to obscure the whole horizon of

his happiness. Sometimes, when he saw his mysterious rival hovering about Miss Wilson, he could not repress a feeling of exultation at the thought that, with one word, he could banish him forever from her presence. He tried to rid himself of this feeling, which he knew was unworthy of him, but it would come at

times in spite of himself. It seemed as is he was at a sensational day, in which the deep dyed villain stalks bout in safe disguise, only the whole community were the ready dupes, and he alone vas the enlightened audience, The baleful ecret began to haunt him like a nightmare. Like an avenging spirit it rose between him and the recreations of his leisure hours. It sufroated him from the face of his ledger at the bank. It walked the streets with him, and sat down to dinner with him. It whise awoke with the inquiry: "What ought I a waiting for him now." to do about it?' and every night he went to bed with the question still unanswered.

knowing?-that he was not himself of late; that he was growing moody and preoccupied in company. He could not help noticing the surprised looks of his friends at his changed recognized that fate had commissioned himan emissary of justice. In his fingers he held the fatal noose which, some day, would drop looked at the people, the ceiling, the clockto bide his time.

But, whatever his duty to the community eyes to the prisoner-and sawat large, he owed it to Alice Wilson's happi-"Oh! come; interrupted Mr. Lamoreaux, drew Mr. Hammond's name into the conversations

"He's a psculiar man, isn't be?" said Mr. Street. "I'm sure he's a very nice man," responded

Miss Wilson, warmly. "Yesf" said Mr. Street, with an interrogation of dissent

"Why, of course, he is! I don't see what you can possibly have against him," she added, repreachfully.

"I! Oh! nothing, nothing," hastily disclaimed the easilier. what makes you insinuate things about him?"

urged the young lady, logically. This was not just the idea he wished to conrey, so he made another venture. 'Have n't you observed something mysteri-

ous about Mr. Hammond?" he asked. "He does look like a man who might have a history," admitted the young lady Now she was helping him on.

'Yes," he struck in eagerly; "some dark page in his life, some epoch of trouble, orcrime." She caught at the last word.

"What do you mean by that?" she de-Now the time had come, the cashier hardly dared divulge his secret. He coughed, hesitated, and finally stammered:

"Why!-I-that is-Mr Hammond-In fact-six years ago, I was teller"---The parlor door opened, and who should be ushered in but Mr. Hammond! The gentle- Hammond, the latter said: man insisted on shaking hands with Mr.

Street, although the cashier frowned darkly Hammond with the remark: "We were speaking, just now, of some one who had a mystery connected with his life." "ledeed!" returned Mr. Hammond, in-

differently. "How is it, Mr. Hammond," asked the ashier, "do you think a man could success-The two men under the gaslight ejuculated fully hide from the world a dark secret, some terrible crime he had committed, for instance, and go on living just as if it had

never been done?" Mr. Hammond shifted his dark eyes uneasily from the fire to Mr. Street, and back again to the fire

"It would depend a great deal upon the man," he said briefly. "Well, take any man, take yourself, for instance." Mr. Street tried to speak in a

careless, theoretical tone. "Since you insist on taking me as an illustration." said Mr. Hammond, with a forced laugh, "why, I should think there was nothenough to live it through, he'd better keep

out of it." "But might not the memory of the crime prey upon his mind until he felt compelled to tell it to some one?" persisted Mr. Street. "He'd be a fool if he did," retorted Mr.

Hammond. And the eashier was stunned into silence adventurer.

A few minutes later Mr. Street took his leave, with a baffled sense that Mr. Hammond still had the field But events were hastening to a close, independent of Mr. Street's intervention. One

morning came the following dispatch: "BARRVILLE "There is here on trial a man who is suspected of being the robber of the Kerrin Savings bank, in 76. Could you identify

the man! If so, come at once. "SHERIPF OF BARBVILLE COUNTY." Mr. Street reached for a time table. His

feeling of pity for that unhappy man-for he hand shock so that he could scarcely see the must be unbappy carrying about with him figures. The first train for Earrville left

He applied to the president of the bank for leave of absence. He showed the president Mr. Screet thought of Alice Wilson, and said the outside of the disputch. That gentleman inferred, from the cashier's pale face, that it One day a deshing equipage draw up in was probably a death in the family; and, as front of the bank, and a lady leaded out to he always associated such events in his mind speak to another on the walk. Mr. Street's with bequests of property, he said, readily, that he guessed they could get along without him for a few days. Half an hour later, Mr. Street was on the train speeding along

toward Barrville. In that six hours' ride Mr. Street lived a month of suspense. The cars were no sooner. in motion than he wished he had never started. If Mr. L'ammond was convicted, let it be upon other evidence than his. He would never have resting upon him the responsibility of sealing the doom of a man who might, for all he knew, be honestly trying to blot out the past and lead an upright life. He called to mind every little act of kindness that Mr. Hammond had ever extended to him. His excited imagination magnified them to boundless obligations, And this was his return for them! Mr. Street would have given a year's salary to be back at his desk.

At every station he went out and stood on the platform with a wild desire to get off and go-anywhere! away from Barrville. The people in the car began to look at him strangely and suspiciously. And in the midst of his agonizing reflections the brakeman dashed open the door and sang out

Barrville." How he g t off from the train and over the distance from the depot to the court house, Mr. Street never knew. He spoke to several persons on the way, but he couldn't have told, for his life, what he said to them. The first realization of his surroundings was when he found himself ascending the broad steps of the court house-with a green baize door in front of him and all hope behind

He hesitated a moment. That moment was decisive. The green buize door was suddenly opened from within, and he had no choice but to enter. The room into which he came was the court room. Court was in session, and the room was filled to overflowing, Mr. Street's entrance was scarcely noted; every eye was strained toward the witness stand

A man near the door made room for Mr. Street on the bench beside him. The cashier sank into the proffered seat. The buzz of voices in the court room came to him in in distinct murmars, like sounds a great distance away. And, all the time, the man at ins side kept talking on in a desultory fashion.

"The fellow's up for largeny," he said. "Queer you hadn't heard about it. "You're a stranger here, ain't you? He's the same one that robbed the Kerrin Savings bank in '76. P'raps you recollect? He owned up to it when he found they knowed it. He's been pered to him in his dreams. Every morning on the stand all the morning. They're

The loquacions stranger craned his neck around to get a better view. Mr. Street felt And the cashier knew-how could be help that he should faint or shrick if something didn't happen. Something did happen,

"There he is!" exclaimed the stranger; that's him on the witness stand. He's a demeanor. Still, he restrained himself. He holding up his hand to be sworn. I guess you'll have to stand up to see him." The cashier staggered to his feet. He

over the head of his victim. He could afford | it was just 5:15-the jury, the lawyers, the judge. Then, with an effort, he raised his Not Mr. Hammond-but a man as like him less to protect her from this impostor. And as his reflection in a glass. Like him, but not

so it came to pass that he found himself, one he. There were the same piercing eyes, the vening, pulling the Wilsons' front door bell, same strongly marked features; but this with a fixed resolve to warn Alice before he man's face bore the impress of a hard and left the house. Fortune favored him; she was reckless life. It needed not his confession of alone, and, intent upon his purpose, he soon | the crime; for Mr. Street knew, now, beyond peradventure, that this was the man with whom he had grappled on that eventful night, six years ago, and that Mr. Hammond was as innocent of the crime as the cashier himself.

For one moment Mr. Street stood staring blankly at the prisoner. Then as the whole force of the revelation dawned upon him, with an indescribable look of horror and remorse, he seized his but and dashed frantic ally from the building.

The night train bore away from Barrville a man who sat bolt upright in the corner of the seat, with his hat crushed down over his "Then, if you have nothing against him, eyes. He neither spoke nor stirred. He had seen the phantom which had pursued him for the past year, until it had come to seem a living reality, dissolve and vanish before his very eyes. And it had left him dazed and bewildered. He no longer tried to reason it out. He doubted his very senses, and grasped the arm of the seat firmly, to make sure he was not dreaming. The romance of his life had departed. He was no longer the mysterious emissary who carried in his breast a consuming secret, but a commonplace business man, whose thoughts any one might

But commonplace people sleep soundly. That night not a dream disturbed his slumbers, and the next morning he went to his desk, a matter of fact cashier.

Mr. Hammond married Miss Wilson. Mr. Street never told her his secret. She asked him about it, once, but he evaded her question. When Mr. Street congratulated Mr.

"Do you know, Street, I used to fancy you had something against me. You seemed almost suspicious of me. It made me positively uneasy at times."

But the cashier drew himself up with dignity, and said: "Do you take me for a fool, sirf'-Hermin-

ius Cobb in The Epoch.

A Big Price for a Tree.

Curly walnut is highly valued by veneer makers, if it contain the right kind of figure. A curious story comes from West Virginia about a curly walnut log. A woodsman found a tree somewhere in the region about Kanawha Falls that he concluded was very valuable. He secured a sample and forwarded it to a handler of such wood in Baltimore. The result was that the discoverer received an offer for the tree, probably amounting to \$2,000. Subsequently the Baltimore man sold a share of the chance to an Indianapolis dealer, who opened negotiations with the woodsman for possession of the prize, at length going to West Virginia to prosecute the enterprise. When the affair had reached this stage the woodsman concluded that the tree was worth \$3,000, and demanded that sum for it, or he would not yield up his knowledge. Seeing that the Indianapolis man was bound to find the tree, if possible, the discoverer cut it down and buried it is the earth. A thorough search has, as yet, failed to reveal the Liding place of the log and the man who holds the secret declares at the remorseless practicality of this bold that nothing but \$3,000 will bring it to the surface. - Detroit Free Press

Not at All Unlikely.

Omaha Dame (reading) - H. J. Bonfield, ar Englishman, claims to have penetrated further into the dangerous and secluded parts of India than any other white man. For his personal safety he was several times espoused to royal women, from whom he escaped when opportunity offered. The British govern-ment has offered him an enormous salary if he will return to India on a secret mission, but he has declined. Husband-I suppose his wives are uving yet.-Omaha World. THE PIPE IN JAPAN.

Use of Fire Cut and Brass Pipe Bowl. Burton and Wad Horder.

The visitor at a Japanese house, after being regaled with ten and cake in tiny dishes, next sees the rosy cheeked maid enter with the tobacco bon. On a minute mountain of white ashes reposes a red cone of glowing coal like a volcano peak. A pinch of fine cut rolled into a pill is put into the brass pipe bowl, and a light is had by touching it to the coal. Then sitting back on one's heels, elbow in palm and pine in mouth, sociability and smoke become the order of the hour. Pendent from " the girdle of the visitor one will see a long narrow, an oblong, and perhaps a small oval, bag of leather, or of fine plaited bamboo thread, or of paper stamped so as to closely imitate leather. These three pouches contain the pipe, fine cut t bacco, and flint and steel. The clasp of the pouch will usually be a piece of claborate art in gold, inlaid or repousse metal. Connecting these utensils of the smoker by a silken cord, like a ganglion its nerves, is a knob or mass of carved ivory called a netsuke. The netsuke as to use is a the girdle of the visitor one will see a long !! called a netsuke. The netsuke as to use is a probutton; as to art it is a statuette, portrait, bust, figure, group, pun, or riddle, carved with exquisite skill.

To the production of this one article nearly all the ivory imported into Japan during the last three centuries has been applied. On a Japanese dress of the old style neither pins, hooks and eyes, nor buttons (in our sense) were used. All the flowing garments, whose weight fell on shoulders or waist, were held in order by the wide and many folded girdle. Fashion, the real tycoon of Japan, decreed the use, not of the ponderous clay pipes or china bowls of the Dutchman, but of Lilliputian pellet holders of brass the size of a chincapin shell. This requires constant refilling, and fire at hand to relight. This may be done either at the glowing charcoal in the house hibachi (fire brazier), or with a line of smoking tow held in the hand as one walks,

The most common method, however, is to dump the spent and smoking wad, and borrow fire from that. Hence the need of a fire holder ever ready at hand and portable. By a happy thought the button holding the pouches to the girdle was hollowed out May, less, at the trobate Court of said county on the taken Manday theing the 21st day) of May, less, at the trobate Court Boom, in Others, in on the upper side and made the receptacle. At first this button was preent from hard wood selected from brier and other roots, as being less likely to surn-nn idea illustrated in modern Amerian pipes of the same material. The Japancan pipes of the same material. The Japan-ese word for root is ne, and that meaning to MASTER'S SALE. STATE OF BLINGIS COUNTY OF LASALLESS. Le Sinte County Cir. fix, hold, or to hang, is tsuke, hence the origin of the name netsuke. Even now the p

is prone to envy the business man or speculator who can go on making money almost without work, and who can pile up a fortune which seems enormous to one who manages to pick out of the world by constant endeavor a snug living and perhaps a little more under favorable conditions. But when old age comes the professional man has an immense advantage over the merchant, particularly over the merchant who is, from the nature of things, so common in a country like this the merchant who was not educated in his youth, and whose chase after the mighty dollar has stunted all the more refined and studious aspirations he may originally have possessed.

For the old merchant. there is little satisfaction in the last years, He can either struggle on after dollars which have no longer any significance or charm for him, or he can spend his time moping and loitering uneasily, miserable in idleness, and not knowing which way to turn or what to do with the time which before he never had any to spare. Of course this is not the case with all rich old men who have made their money in trade. Some have as convenient and satisfactory methods of employing their minds as could be asked for; but the majority are not so fortunate. Scattered about this town are rich men, or men with all the La Salle property they have need for, and more, too, who are quite unhappy in their idleness. -Chicago Herald.

A Man with a History. Come walk with me down the avenue.

Note the characters you meet. Every one of them has a history. See that little old man, with his shoes cut in many places to ease his corns. Note his rusty clothes, his rusty hat, the little clay pipe with a bowl no bigger than a thimble which he smokes, and note also the kind smile which rests upon his gray whiskered face. He shuffles along, bowing courteously to such as remember him. There are few who do. But in the days of Buchanan this man was one of the leading beaux of Washington. He has been second in many a duel, and he believes today in the code duello. He was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of Barton Key, after he was shot by Gen. Sickles on that corner over there, not two blocks away. His father was one of the most eminent lawyers that Washington has ever known, and the son was well educated Washington, however, and Washington life, ruined him. Its innocuous desuetude sapped his energy, and the fortune which his father left him has passed away. I will not mention his name, but he is well known in Washington, and he has, I think, no sin but | that of poverty. And so the world goes on. The ups of to-

day are the downs of to-morrow. The senstor becomes an office seeker, and the jelerk takes the place of the cabinet officer. - Washington Letter.

One of Sothern's Practical Jokes

It is related of Sothern that once in London he entered an iron monger's shop and. advancing to the counter, said: "Have you the second edition of Macaulay's 'History of England?" The shopkeeper explained that he kept an iron mongering establishment, "Well, it don't matter whether it is bound to be the best second advanced and accommodations and care taken of well find the best of accommodations and care taken of their stock. Teams can be written as to be a district taken of the best of accommodations and care taken of their stock. Teams can be written toom the barn as and care taken of their stock. Teams can be written toom the barn as and care taken of their stock. Teams can be written toom the barn as and care taken of their stock. Teams can be written toom the barn as and care taken of their stock. Teams can be written toom the barn as the barn in the rear of White's Botel (known as the ball yard, and have good, warm stables to take boxes by the day of week, and guarantee suits to take boxes by the day of week, and guarantee suits to take boxes by the day of week, and guarantee suits to take boxes by the day of week. ern; "a piece of brown paper-the sort of a thing you would give your own mother." 'Sir!" bawled the shopkeeper, "we-don't -keep-it! No books; this is an iron mongering shop." "Yes," says Sothern, "the binding differs, but I'm not particular-as long as I have a fly leaf, don't you know.' "Sir!" fairly screamed the shopkeeper, 'can't you see we keep no books! This is an iron monger's shop!" "Certainly," said Sothern, seating himself, "I'll wait for it." Believing that his customer was either hope lessly deaf or equally mad, the man called another from the other end of the store and explained that he could do nothing with the gentleman. "What do you wish, sirf" shouted the second man, advancing. "I should like," says Sothern, quietly, "a small, plain file about so long." "Certainly, sir," said the man, casting upon bewildered No. 1 a glance of the most unmitigated disgust -Rem-York Commercial Advertiser.

acqui.

G. S. HLDREDGE.

A DMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE. A DMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—

A by virtue of an order and decree of the Proposite (our of La Salle county, Illinois, made on the petition of the undersigned Geo. C. Carwell, Administrator of the Estate of Mark King, decessed, for have to sell the real estate of Said deceased, at the Jungary term, A. D. 1887, of said court, towit on the 27th day of Jungary 1887, I shall, on the 28th day of Agril, 1888, at the source of the said court, the said day, sell at public cale, at the source where in the afternoon of said day, sell at public cale, at the source does in the afternoon of said day, sell at public cale, at the source where in the afternoon of said day, sell at public cale, at the source does in the afternoon of said day, sell at public cale, it the source have Court House, in Ottawa, in said county, the real estate described as follows, to wit. The north me-half (§) of the northwest quarrer (§) of said Section Five (§) as his west of the Big Vermillion river, containing about sevence and statisfour one importanting (1,54) acres, all in township thirty two (§) north, range two (1) each of the third (dd) principal meridian, in La Salle county, Illinois, on the tone ing terms, to wit. Cash in land.

December 1882 and 1882 and 1882 and 1883.

sold John Needom, I have levied on the following property, to wil:

Lot four (4), Crotty's subdivision of the west half (3) of the northwest quarter (3) of section twenty-five (5), lownship thirty three (3) north, range five (5) east of the third (3) principal meridian, in the county of Lassille and State of Illinois.

Therefore, according to the said command. I shall expose for sale, at public auction, all the right, title and interest of the above named John Needom in and to the above described property on Saturday, the 14th day of April, 1888 at 20 clock P. B., at the north door of the County Court House, in Otrawa, III.

Dated at Ottawa, II., this 22d day of March, 1883.

LAWRENCE MORRISSEY.

Sheriff of La Salic county, Illinois.

L. W. BREWER,

L. W. BREWER.

Altorney at Low.

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF EDMOND KEATING, DEC.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrative of the estate of Edmond Keating, late of the county of La Salle and state of Hilmons, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county on the third Monday (being the fist day) of May, 1888, at the Probate Court Room, in Otta
va. in said county, when an where all persons having claims of demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 24th day of March, A. D. 1888.

ELLA M. THOMPSON,

March-3w

Administrator,

D. B. SNOW.

HURACE B GEORGE DUNCAN, O'CONOR & GILBERT.

In the matter of Mury II, Ladd es. Maria Baskins. origin of the name netsuke. Even now the Japanese bimbo, or poor man, uses only a wooden button and wad holder—a true netsuke—while the rich and well to do sport their ivory carvings, which range in value from a ba (quarter dollar) to \$500. The button tucked up under the light girdle holds pipe and ponch snugly and gracefully.—William Elliott in Harper's Magazine.

Unhappy Old Men.

The professional man, who makes his living by hard knocks and coustant exertions, is prome to convert the luminose man or species.

Let unberged two 2 in the marter of Mary H. Ladd rs. Maria Haskins, pattick W. Page, William S. Brown, Unitarity Camber Links Psecary, Michael Firm 1998. William Malowale, Margie McMahan, Jane Kunnet, L. M. Nensast, B. Lachnian, John H. Camber, Margie McMahan, Jane Guan, Patrick Can ex, Helmortal Herricke, Lonis W. Capure, Michael Firm 1998. William S. Margie McMahan, Jane Guan, Patrick Can ex, Helmortal Herricke, Lonis W. Capure, Michael Firm 1998. William S. Margie McMahan, Jane Guan, Patrick Can ex, Helmortal Herricke, Can ex Helmortal Herricke, Can ex Helmortal Herricke, Can extend to the firm of the Margie McMahan, Jane Kunnet, Land, Madewale, Margie McMahan, Jane Guan, Patrick Can ex, Helmortal Herricke, William Haskins, Patrick W. Page, William Elliott, Lachnian, Jane Kunnet, Lachnian, Jane Guan, Patrick Can ex, Helmortal Herricke, Lonis W. Capure, Michael Hyrice, Mrs. John O'Brien, Margie McMahan, Jane Guan, Patrick Can ex, Helmortal Herricke, Lonis W. Capure, Michael Hyrice, Mrs. John O'Brien, Margie McMahan, Jane Capure, Mellian Haskins, Patrick Can ex, William Haskins, Margie McMahan, Jane Kreen Haskins, Patrick Can ex, Helmortal Haskins, Patrick Can ex, William Haskins, Margie McMahan, Jane Kreen Haskins, Patrick Can ex, Margie McMa

the diff.

Lot numbered two (2), in the southwest quarter of Section No twenty-seven (2). Township No, thenty wo (2), fishing one;) hast of the bird (3), Principal Menalish, containing one hundred and flat (15) acres; and Lot num ered eight (8), in Block numbered sevency-one (7), in the city of Lassile.

Ottawa, Himois, April , 189.

DUNCAN McDougall.

apri-4w Master in Chancery of said Circuit Court.

FINAL SETTLE, MEINT. — ESTATE OF SUSAN HUSS, DECRASED, — Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in said estate, that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Susan Huss, decessed, will appear before the Probate Court of the county of La Saile and State of Hilmos, at the County Court House, in Ottawa, in said county, on Monthly the 21st day of May, a. b. 1883, for the parpose of rendering an account of his proceedings in the administration of said estate for the final settlement.

Dated at Ottawa, this 2d day of April, 1881.

ATTEST: HENRY HELMIG, Administr tor.

CLOSES. ARRIVES.

ARRIVES.

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ARRIVES.

C. B. & Q. R. R.

Southern mail. 11:30 A. M. 3:37 P. M.

Symbol. 11:30 A. M. 11:30 A. M.

Symbol. 11:30 A.

ATTEST: HENRY HELMIG, Administr tor. Clerk Probate Court, La Salle Co., Ill apr7-3w DUNCAN, O'CONCR & GILBERT.

Attorneys at Law.

Aster's sale-state of Illinois, County of Lasalle-ss. Lasale County Circuit Court, in the matter of Mary Kivell es. Maria Haskins.—On Public Profiles. ill to foreclose Morigage.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a
ecretal order entered in the above entitled cause, it Funne notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order entired in the above entitled cause, in said court, on the thirty-first thy of March, 1885, I. Duncan McDougall. Master in Chancery for said Court, on Monday, the seventh day of May, 1888, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, said is at public auction, to the high-st and best bidder, for cash, at the south deer of the County Court House, in Ottawa, in said county, the following described realestate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said decree, situated in the county of La Saile and state of lilinois, to wit:

ols, to wit: Lots numbered nine (9), ten (10), and eleven (11), in

Oltaws, Illinois, April 7, 1888.

OUNG AN McDOUGALL

apr7-4w Master in chancery for said Circuit Court. NOTICE.—ESTATE OF EPHRAIM SHAVER, DEC.—
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Ephraim shaver, late of the county of La Salle and state of Hinnos, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county, on the third Monday (being the 21st day) of May, 1888, at the Probate Court Room, in Oftawa, in said county, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 2d day of April, A. D. 1988.

GEORGE A. SHAVER.

Administrator

NOTICE:.—ESTATE OF JOHN B. HOFFMAN, DRCRASED.—Notice is hereby given, that the undersign sd. Administrator of the estate of John B. Hoffman, late of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois,
deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said
county on the ford Monday (being the 21st day) of
May, 1888, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, in
said county, when and where all persons having claims
or demands against said estate are notified to attend
and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dates this 20th day of March, A. D. 1888.

JOHN R. HOFFMAN,
1 pri-5w.

DR. J. B. WALKER,

Oculist and Aurist. Who has practiced in this city a 1 cc 1859, may be consulted

AT THE CLIFTON HOTEL, OTTAWA,

On the first Saturday of each month, as follows: Saturday......January 7 Saturday February 4
Saturday March 3 Saturday...... April 7 Saturday..... At all other times cas this is the only place he visits professionally) he may be found in Chicago. OFFICE AND DISPENSARY: 35 Washin ton Street, N. W. Corner of Penrior

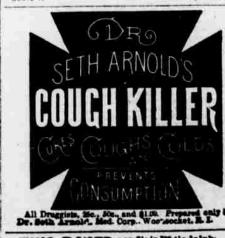
Board and Feed Stable.

"Well, it don't matter whether it is bound in calf or not," answered the customer, "But, sir, this is not a bookseller's." "It don't matter bow you put it up," says Soth
declo-if assisfaction.

Will and the observations are submitted as an experimental and an extension of the barn at any bour of day or night. Mr. Brown would like to have his friends call and exception, and he will endeavor to give them satisfaction.

R. K. Brown.

Proprieter.



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FOREIGN AND AMERICAN Marble and Granite,



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AND TONICA.
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, 1:00 P. M. 12:80 M.
Office open at 7:00 a. M. Closes at 7:00 P. M.
Office open Sundays from 12 to 1 o'clock.
WM. OSMAN, P. M.

Chicago, Burlington and Qu ney R. B. TIME TABLE. April 1st, 1887

AURORA AND STREATOR BRANCH Going South. | E Pars. Pars. No. 80 No. 82 Ex Sun Ex Sun STATIONS. AM. AR PM. AB 11.06 19 M. Hington 37 11.13 22 M. Hington 37 11.13 27 St. St. erdan 37 11.33 37 Serena 436 11.37 31 Blakes 3 11.37 31 Wedron 14 7.28

Freight trains carrying passengers leave Ottawa as follows: For Paw Paw and Earl, 4.20 P.M.; for Streator, 5.05 A.M., 5.05 P.M., and 10.00 A.M; for Aurora, 10.00 A. W.
Pullstan Palace Sleeping Cars, C B. & Q. Drawing
Pullstan Palace Sleeping Cars, C B. & Q. Drawing
Boulder, Horton's Reclining Castr Cars, and the C.
B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars, by this route. All information shout rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations
and time tables will be cheerfully given by applying to
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.
H. B. STONE. General Manager Chicago. GEO. R. HOE,
Agent at Ottawa.

Illinois Central Railroad. SOING NORTH, PROM LA SALLE. Freight.
GOING SOUTH, FROM LA SALLE.

Passenger 145 P. M.
Freight 92.50 A M Freight (goes no further). 9.40 A, M
Freight (goes no further). W. L. LIGHTHART.,
S. P. MOORE. W. L. LIGHTHART.,
Ticket Agent Chicago, Aiton & St. Louis Railroad Ohloago, Alton & St. Louis Rasirond
On and after May 9, 1886, trains on the C. & A. E.
R. pass Joliet as follows:
GOING NOBTH.
S. C. and St. L. Express. 5.15 AM
Lightning Express. 5.50 AM
Joliet Accommodation. 7.45 AM
Denver Express. 12.20 PM
Express Mail GOING SOUTH. 30.15 AM

Express Mail. Goine South.

Express Mail. 10.15 A mail Denver Express 2.00 P mail Denver Express 2.00 P mail Denver Express 2.00 P mail Denver Express 3.10.35 P mail Lightning Express 3.10.35 P mail Denver Express and Kannas Clark Mail Louis Express Pains run daily. Express Mail and Johet Accommodation run daily, except Sunday. Kansas City and St. Louis Express going south runs through without change of cars. Morning train to St. Louis has free chair cars, and evening train through sileners to St. Louis and Springfield. eepers to St. Louis and Springfield.

JAY W. ADAMS,
Ticket Agent C. & A. Railroad.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Bailroad. 2

Nos. 9 and 10 arrive in Chicago at 10 A. H. and leave Chicago at 5 P. N. dally (Sunday excepted).

No. 26 carries passengers from Geneseo to Ottawa.

No. 25 carries passengers between Joliet and La Salie, and No. 30 between La Salie and Joliet.

Nos. 23 and 25 carry passengers between Brue Island and La Balle.

R. R. Carlin, Gen'l Manager.

E. St. John,

Gen'l Trit. & Pass Agt.

R. P. Perry Man.

Gen'l Trit. & Pass Agt.